

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Hum. At Barwicke, and come thus farre for helpe.

Poore man. I sir, it was told me in my sleepe,
That sweete Saint Albones should giue me my sight againe.

Hum. What are lame too?

P. man. I indeede sir, God helpe me.

Hum. How camst thou lame?

P. man. With falling off a plum tree.

Hum. Wert thou blind & would climb plumtrees?

P. man. Neuer but once sir in all my life,
My wife did long for plummes.

Hum. But tell me, wert thou borne blinde?

P. man. I truly sir.

Woman. I indeed sir, he was borne blinde.

Hum. What art thou his mother?

Woman. His wife sir.

Hum. Hadst thou beene his mother,
Thou couldst haue better tolde.
Why let me see, I thinke thou canst not see yet.

P. man. Yes truly master, as cleare as day.

Hum. Sayst thou so: what colour's his cloake?

P. man. Red master, as red as blood.

Hum. And his cloake?

P. man. Why that's greene.

Hum. And what colour's his hose?

P. man. Yellow master, yellow as gold.

Hum. And what colour's my Gowne?

P. man. Blacke sir, as blacke as Iet.

King. Then belike he knowes what colour Iet is on.

Suf. And yet I thinke Iet did he neuer see.

Hum. But clokes & gowns ere this day many a one.
But tell me sirra, what's my name?

P. man. Alas master I know not.

Hum. What's his name?

P. man. I know not.

Hum. Nor his?

P. man. No truly sir.

Hum. Nor his name?

P. man.

of Yorke and Lancaster.

P. man. No indeede master.

Hum. Whats thine owne name?

P. man. Sander, and it please you maister.

Hum. Then Sander sit there, the lyingest knaue in Christendom. If thou hadst bene borne blinde, thou mightst aswel haue knowne all our names, as thus to name the seuerall colours wee do weare. Sight may distinguish of colours, but sodainly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My Lords, S. Albones heere hath done a miracle, & would you not think his cunning to bee great, that could restore this Cripple to his legs againe.

P. man. Oh master I would you could.

Hum. My Masters of S. Albones,
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,
And things call'd whippes?

Mayor. Yes my Lord, if it please your Grace.

Hum. Then send for one presently.

Mayor. Sirra, go fetch the Beadle hither straight. *Exit one.*

Hum. Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by.

Now sirra, if you meane to saue your selfe from whipping,
Leape me ouer this stoole, and runne away.

Enter a Beadle.

P. man. Alas master I am not able to stand alone,
You go about to torture me in vaine.

Hum. VVell sir, we must haue you finde your legges.

Sirra Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that same stoole.

Beadle. I will my Lord, come on sirra, off with your Doublet quickly.

Poore man. Alas master what shall I do, I am not able to stand.

After the Beadle hath hit him one ierke, he leapes ouer the stoole, and runnes away, and they run after him, crying a Myracle, a Myracle.

Hum. A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, and whipte through euery Market Towne till he comes at Barwicke where he was borne.

Mayor. It shall be done my Lord.

Exit Mayor.

Suf. My Lord Protector hath done wonders to day,

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